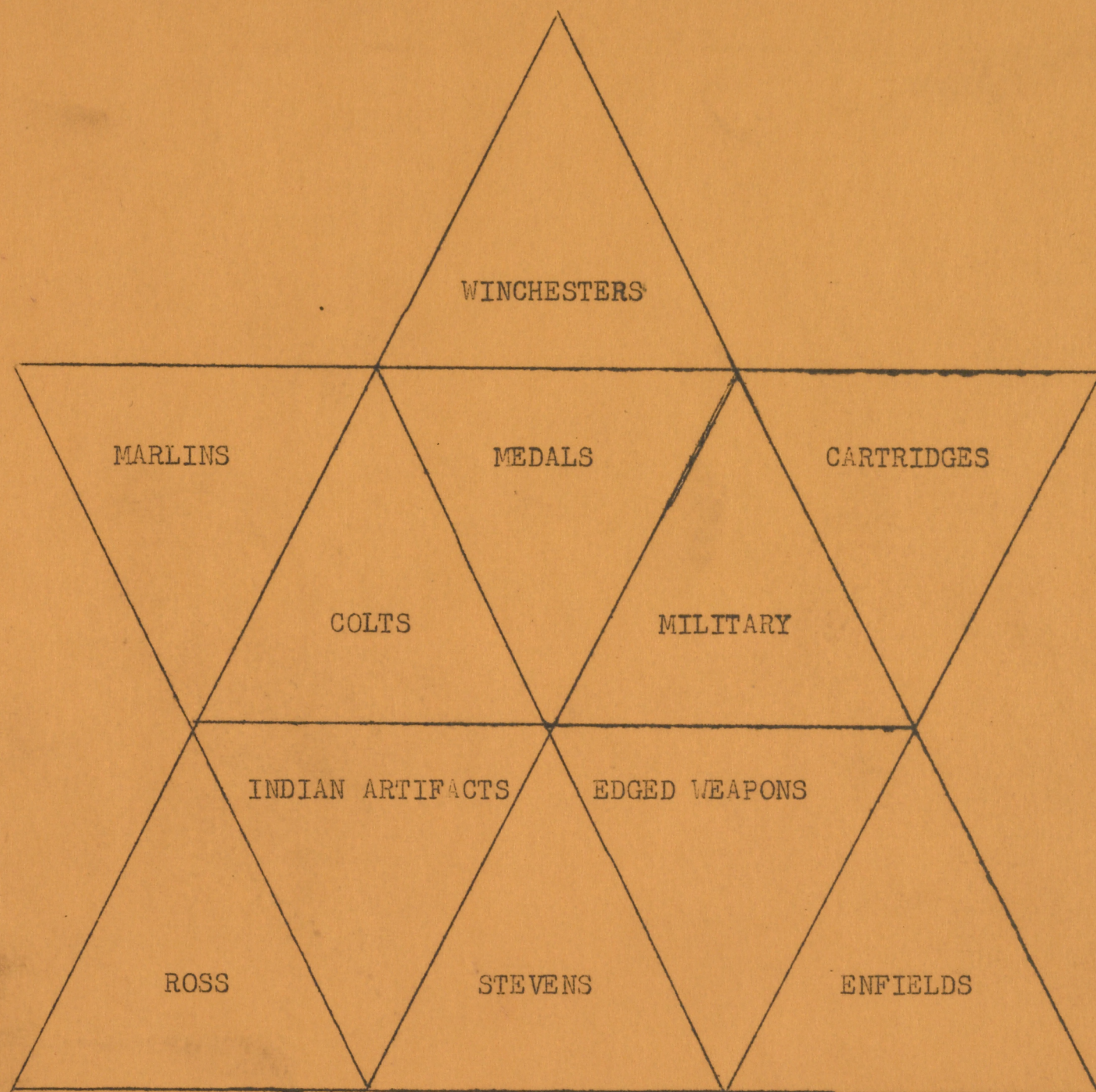


# GUN TALK

the quarterly journal of the  
SASKATCHEWAN GUN COLLECTORS ASSN



JUNE 1967





## EDITORIAL

Here it is again - better late than never. Or is it? That lackadaisical mood is getting to be infectious, as far as writing articles for this magazine is concerned.

Since the last magazine, we weathered the Saskatoon Gun Show, which was certainly a great one to attend, and also the Regina Show, its best also.

What rather gripes a fellow is when the fellow member comes in while you are setting up - he doesn't pay admission, but he does lug a trunk full of traddrs up. He doesn't put them on a table, but he runs around making the deals, takes the interested parties to his trunk or back seat and completes the deal. If an item is aquired, into the trunk it goes.

Now no one should complain about trading, selling or buying - that is part of what shows are for - but what about the other part - displaying.

I am always interested in seeing another person's collection - or in seeing a new item just aquired. I feel if a firearm or weapon is brought to the show, it should be displayed, regardless of whether it is rare or common, and also that the person (s) involved should also pay the required table fee.

Well, Canada now has it's own sniper with a record of 2 dead and 2 wounded. Unfortunate that the idiot responsible was a gun collector. Watch for the pressure of gun legislation now.

Don't forget the Sask. Provinical Black Powder Championship Shoot on Sept. 17th, 1967 - sponsored by the Saskatoon Muzzel Loading Club - looks like a real bang-up affair.

## STAINING GUN STOCKS

by Jack Stead

A satisfactory stain for gunstocks which are too light in colour may be purchased at most drug or variety stores. It is aniline fabric dye, and is sold under trade names such as Rit and Tintex. A thirty five cent package will stain several dozen stocks but you may want to buy more than one colour in order to get the exact colour you want by mixing.

In using these dyes, I have found it easiest to mix just a small quantity of the powder with water and test it first on a piece of scrap wood. More water will lighten the tone, for a darker colour rub on several applications. It is a good idea to apply the stain until it is slightly darker than the colour you finally want.

The final shade is achieved by rubbing down the stock with fine steel wool soaked in stock finishing oil. This rubbing helps show up the grain of the wood as well as removing any minor roughness which has resulted from application of the water base stain.



### THE MEMBERS WRITE

I am relatively new to this world of gun collecting, and have therefore seen a limited amount of gun shows. My association with gun collectors and dealers has also been quite limited. But this inexperience has not prevented me from making a few observations.

Most collectors and dealers are basically honest. That is to say that the average collector will not knowingly engage in a deceiving or uneventrade, and the dealer will not try to deceive a prospective buyer for exorbitant profits. My remarks are about those who seem to survive on shady dealings.

I am positive you too are aware of persons who will try to sell or trade an article which he knows to be incomplete, assembled from piece parts, modified in the home work shop, or anything else which would tag the article not authentic or in poor condition and NOT ADVISE THE PROSPECTIVE BUYER. The most recent of such showings could have been seen at the Regina Centennial Gun Show.

Needless to say that I have been such a victim. Fortunately the sum of money was very small and the damage was mostly confined to my ego.

It seems to me that it would be most beneficial to our image and desirable to our patrons, if the club would set up a committee to investigate and weed out or penalize such persons to that illicit trading and selling will have some control.

John Harold

Am in receipt of the March issue of "Gun Talk". Upon reading the magazine, the article of most concern to me is on the "Bill C-214" written by Bruce Durden.

If this Bill should be approved and passed as law, it is undoubtedly going to have a very deterrent effect on gun owners both as hunters, collectors and/or target shooters.

As I am a new member and as yet do not have a large enough display to show, I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on a very successful 7th Annual Show in Saskatoon.

Allan P. Penner

POINT OF INTEREST: When France recently decided to auction old military equipment of 1940 vintage from the ill-famed Maginot Line, one hundred people attended. No bids were received for steel gun xopolas, but nine old motorcycles went for \$100.00, and nineteen mobile kitchens for \$15.00 each.



A LISTING OF PRACTICES CONSIDERED UNETHICAL  
AND INJURIOUS TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE  
GUN COLLECTING FRATERNITY

1. The manufacture or sale of spurious copy of a valuable firearm. This shall include the production of full-scale replicas of historic models and accessories, regardless of easily effaced modern markings, and it also shall include the rebuilding of any authentic weapon into a rarer and more valuable model. It shall not include the manufacture or sale of firearms or accessories which cannot be easily confused with the rare models of famous makers. Such items are: plastic or pottery products, miniatures, firearms of original design, or other examples of individual skill, plainly stamped with the makers name and date, made up as examples of utility and craftsmanship and not representative of the designs or models of any old-time armsmaker.
2. The alteration of any marking or serial number, or the assembling and artificially aging of unrelated parts for the purpose of creating a more valuable or unique firearm, with or without immediate intent to defraud. This shall not include the legitimate restoration or completion of missing parts with those of original type, provided that such completions or restorations are indicated to a prospective buyer.
3. The refinishing (bluing, browning, or plating) or engraving of any collector weapons, unless the weapons be clearly marked under the stocks or elsewhere to indicate the date and the nature of the work, and provided the seller unequivocally shall describe such non-original treatment to the buyer.
4. The direct or indirect efforts of a seller to attach a spurious historical association to a firearm to inflate its fair value; efforts to plant a firearm under circumstances which are designed to inflate the fair value.
5. The employment of unfair or shady practices in buying, selling or trading at the expense of a young or inexperienced collector or anyone else, the devious use of false appraisals, collusion, and other sharp practices for personal gain.
6. The use of inaccurate, misleading, or falsified representation in direct sales or in selling by sales list, catalogue, periodical advertisement, and other media, the failure to make prompt refunds, adjustments, or other proper restitutions on all just claims which may arise from arms sales, direct or by mail.

POINT OF INTEREST: During the American Civil War, Tennessee had 454 battles take place within its borders.



Dear Anonymous,

I did not use your signature "True Collector" because whomever you are, you are not a true collector. Judging by your letter you are out to make a fast buck selling a genuine piece to the gullible public for a tidy sum.. In other words you are a gun dealer and a gun dealer with your ideals should keep his nose clean.

Now let us get down to the business at hand. First of all I don't like the way your poison pen writes "so-called collectors"? If a collector decides to take up a hobby so closely associated with guns, that is his own business; not yours. If you strongly believe some collector is running or abusing a valuable piece by shooting it advise him of his ignorance. If the man persists in depreciating the piece make a note of not buying any of his guns and inform other people like yourself of his sordid ways.

I must have missed the shoot in which valuable antiques were being fired and if such is the case that definitely is the only shoot I missed. Let's face it; how much can one lower the value of a genuine, beat-up old Springfield worth 20 or 30 dollars. Again referring to your letter, paragraph 2, a 30 dollar Springfield doesn't even belong at one of your gun shows, moneywise. What are we supposed to do with these cheap guns? Scrap them. Mister, as long as these guns can shoot we'll shoot them and it'll take a mightier power than you to do something about it. If you don't like our advertising in this publication get a friend to read Gun Talk to you eliminating everything we have printed.

And just in case you are ignorant of the fact, form 42's were available long before our Association was conceived. Mine reads... "for the display, demonstration and target-shooting within the activities of the Saskatoon Muzzle Loading Club" so put that in your pipe and smoke it.

As far as reworked replicas are concerned I have yet to hear of someone getting stuck with one since joining the S.G.C.A. If this has happened to you, take up star-gazing.

The vote is yet to be taken but if you are so concerned with your investment why don't you organize your own private fraternity of "true Collectors" and never again be plagued by us deviates.

R. C. Halebura

P.S. -- if your ideals were truly as strong as your words you would have signed your name.

STOLEN

- 1 Swiss Saw tooth bayonet -- 19½" mint - #66643
- 1 German " " " 19" mint - #806820
- 1 German WW 1 Mauser bayonet - 20½"
- 1 U.S. Marine Corp Service knife - 7½" blade

If you have any information concerning the above items please contact the Regina City Police.



## DID YOU MISS THE SASKATOON SHOW

It was held March 25 and 26 at the Elks Hall, and everyone who made it enjoyed themselves a great deal.

The displays were of a great variation, and quite a bit of time had been spent in working on the "eye appeal" angle of displaying, which certainly helps draw the public back for a second look the following year.

Displays were shown by the following:

Jim Falloon;	Doug Minor
Andy Wright	Norman Nodwell
Ernie Love	Doug Bailey
Art Dunlap	Tom Dunlap
Ray Steel	Saskatoon Muzzle Loading Club
Bob Henderson	Rene Gaudry
Gil Cook	Doug Ridgewell
Jack Gilling	Rus Gerrie
Emil Dubois	Wayne Cline
Jon Taylor	Hugh Allen Kerr
Max Mireau	Les Smith
Yarmo Pohjavouri	Lloyd Tallentire
Jack Rowan	John Livingstone
Murray Hogg	Custom Gunsmithing

If I missed someone, drop a note to the editor.

Winners of the trophies were:

Andy Wright	- the peoples choice - Delisle Thompson trophy
	6 related items plaque
Dunlaps	- lever action longarms
Jack Gilling	- general hand guns
	- general long arms
John Taylor	- cartridges
Hugh Kerr	- general military
Les Smith	- specialized military



STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES

Saskatchewan Gun Collectors Association      For the Period  
Regina Saskatchewan      July 1, 1966 to May 30, .967

Cash in Bank July 1, 1966      \$      122.36

Receipts:

Memberships	\$      468.00	
Stationery and Crests	39.00	
Raffle Receipts	1,017.00	
Gun Show Receipts	<u>1,012.50</u>	<u>2,536.50</u>
		\$      2,658.86

Expenditures:

Gestetner Supplies	\$      244.40	
Office Supplies, Postage		
Typing and Extra		
Printing	296.55	
Gun Show Expenses	1,257.57	
Raffle Expenses	358.29	
Miscellaneous	<u>24.68</u>	<u>2,181.49</u>

Cash in Bank May 30, 1967	404.37
Cash on Hand May 30, 1967	<u>73.00</u>

\$      2,658.86



## I WAS THERE

L.22255, R.G.NUNN  
Batt. Headquarters  
South Saskatchewan Regt.,  
Canada.  
P.O.W. 25608  
Stalag VIII, B.

### Notes:

I had the good fortune of meeting Mr. & Mrs. NUNN at their home, where my brother and I were warmly received. Mr. NUNN brought forth a book entitled "A WARTIME LOG" and explained that he had been on the Dieppe Raid, that he had been captured, and the contents of the "Log" were his personal experiences up to the time of his escape in 1945.

Mr. NUNN allowed me to borrow the book for the purpose of reading it, and also to have it placed in the Sask. Gun Collector's Association "Gun Talk".

On behalf of the Members of this Association, I wish to say to Mr. NUNN - THANK YOU !

B. Henderson  
Editor.

We had just finished band practice in the woods. It was a grand morning after three days of rain, and I was strolling to dinner, wondering what kind of hash they would serve up to-day. My thoughts were interrupted by a shout from my pal Bert MUNDY. He was quite excited. I wondered why, but soon found out, as he told me we had to be ready to leave in less than an hour on a scheme that he didn't seem to know a thing about.

I don't (know why) I had the feeling that I should pack up a few treasured letters I gave to SYMONS to take care of. A quick but careful check up on my equipment and in less than an hour we were all loaded up into trucks ready to move off. I had my own thoughts about this scheme, and as we moved away, I mentioned them to Bert, but he just laughed at me. He and I sat outside on top, enjoying the breeze and scenery. England can be very lovely in August.

We didn't know as we moved through some of these quiet and pretty roads that for some of us it would be a long time before we should see them again; others never would.

We had been traveling for several hours when some-one noticed a balloon barrage ahead, and soon our convoy was moving into what seemed to be quite a large town or city, and away in the distance we could quite plainly make out ships at sea. Once again I mentioned my suspicions to Bert, and this time we had a ten shilling bet. Another half an hour and our truck had pulled up beside a ship that we knew quite well, having been on board her before. I asked Bert if he felt anything "slipping" - His reply was "Yes, ten bob".

In a few moments, we unloaded and went on board. We all wondered, was this the "real thing", or just another make believe. We hand't long to wait, and the answer was straight to the point. "It was the real thing, and tonight". Soon it was all hurry and bustle all over the ship. Sailors and troops seemed to be dashing all over each other in preparation. Bert and I also found plenty that had to be done. Shortly after boarding we were given a light lunch. It was during this that we felt the boat give a lurch. Bert and I dashed up on deck, together we watched the shore as we slowly moved away - it was almost dark.

It wasn't necessary to speak - I knew his thoughts just as he knew mine. We turned and went below. There was still much to be done yet - rifles to check, grenades to prime, first aid kits to look over, maps and pictures to memorize.

My thoughts all during this time were back at a little village. I was glad you didn't know what was going on my darlings, it would have been much too hard on you.

We were all given an envelope and paper to write home if we wished most of us did. I found my letter particularly hard to put together. This was then given to the quarter master to mail after the raid was over.

About this time, a message reached us that fourteen of our boys on another ship had been injured by a premature hand grenade explosion. At last, most of our checking was finished, and I thought this a good opportunity to find Fat and John, and have a chat with them. Groups of boys standing all over the boat seemed to be in very high spirits, and yet one could plainly detect a grim and self-determined look on each face. Silently the ship was moving towards the coast of France. Bert and I had quite a long visit with the boys, then decided to go back and rest for a while. We laid down together on a couple of benches, and tried to sleep. I didn't, and I don't think he did - one's thoughts were many and varied.

I prayed very sincerely that it might be Gods Will to bring me through, whatever might be ahead of us - not only for my own sake, but for those that loved me.

Midnight, and a call for each of us to receive a hot meal and a cup of cocoa. I remember at this time both John and Fat were moved up to our deck as theirs was considered unsafe if hit with a torpedo. Fat used my cup for his cocoa, and plans were made for a big drunk when we returned or whoever did.

At last came the order that we had been listening for - "Troops stand by to load". Hurriedly but carefully, we put on our equipment; rifles loaded, grenades primed - quietly we went up on deck - we could do this in the dark; quiet and quickly after a good deal of practice.

Bert was beside me as we sat in the small boats waiting to be lowered to the water. It was a gorgeous night, a faint moon shining, and a lovely warm breeze caught your cheeks. Then the order "Lower to the water". Everything was so quiet and still, not a word was spoken. Softly we felt the boat touch the water, and the engines started to throb.

At last, we were going to meet the enemy. For a long time we had waited for this moment. Quickly the small boats gathered



together and the Mother ship was soon left behind. We knew that it was some distance to the coast of France, but our boats were moving very quickly.

"What was that?" Big red tracers shooting across the top of the water, a magnificent display of fireworks. Had we been discovered already? Still the firing went on - two huge very lights were shot into the sky and hung like balls of fire - surely we must be seen, for it was as bright as daylight. Was it just a matter of seconds before shells came screaming at us?

We crouched low in the boats behind what now felt like so much cardboard protection. Slowly; but so slow, those lights went out, and left us with a much safer feeling. The firing gradually moved away to our left, and for the time being at least we were through that. It wasn't until the following day we learned of the havoc caused by this skirmish and what it meant to us.

Word was passed to us that we were getting near to the beach. Bert and I shook hands and wished each other "Happy Landings." Once again I checked everything - I didn't want anyone to suffer for any foolish oversight of mine. Carefully I looked over the side of the boat - in the early dawn I could faintly see the cliffs.

The order came then - "Prepare to beach"! I could faintly hear Bert breathing beside me. It's hard to describe ones feelings at this moment, but I know I hadn't the slightest sign of nerves at this time, and felt as cool as ice. All the others I am sure, were exactly the same. I could just see a large building looming ahead - it almost seemed to be overhead. Surely from there the Germans could fire right into the middle of us.

At that moment, the boat hit the beach and out we shot like one man. At that mortar-bombs, bullets, and coloured tracers came from every direction - they were hitting the boats behind us. A huge sea wall in from - we must get over - it was piled high with wire - it didn't seem possible without being hit. Bert and I went over together, we had been told on no account to bother with beach casualties, but to keep right up with our company.

There seemed a slight confusion at this point - but in a few moments the boys had sorted themselves out and the fight from house to house was on. Our first casualty was O'BRIAN of "A" Coy - he was crawling and trying to get up - a bullet had gone through the back of his neck. We fixed him up as well as possible and put him on a stretcher. We did not yet know just where the R.A.P. had set up.

Fighting was on in real earnest now, and many were falling all around us. We had cleaned up several streets with much close fighting and a fair number of prisoners to our credit, and had now reached a point where the road crossed by a bridge, narrow, over a deep river. We were temporarily held up here, as the Germans were laying down a very accurate and intense fire. Many of our boys were laying dead on this bridge - a few had managed to cross.

Bert and I found much to do, and as we were fixing some of these, a mortar bomb landed just behind us. We were both unhurt, but I could see at a glance that at least five of our own mortar crew had been injured. These we quickly fixed up, and moved them

back to the R.A.P., who by this time had set up and were in full swing.

The Doctor had more work than he could manage. A number of German dead and wounded had also been brought in. The trips to and fro from here were very unhealthu. On one of these we ment Joe GREGORY who shared some rum with us that he had - it certainly hit the spot.

About this time Bert and I lost track of each other - there was so much to do that we used whoever we could find to help. Passing along by a brick wall I heard a hell of a noise. I looked behind and John and Fat were blazing away with their mortar. Someone was on the receiving end of that! I stopped for a second to see if everything was O.K. It was, for only a second, as a shell came tearing through the wall, and we left in quite a hurry.

I finally reached the bridge again, and the Colonel had just arrived to see how things were at this point. He walked over without receiving a scratch, a very brave action. More of us succeeded in getting over then, with the result that a couple of German pill boxes were put out of action. Just beyond the bridge and a little to the right was quite a number of our boys laying, both killed and wounded, among them PICKFORD from Broadview with a leg wound.

We were able to get back quite a number from here, in spite of the bridge, but it was necessary once to take cover under it. We were almost into the water and still the shrapnel was hitting us when John and Fat came tumbling in.

I noticed someone coming down the road with a chap over his shoulder, I went out to help him - it was WILLIAMS, the Colonels batman, carrying Mr. ENGLAND. He had terrible wounds in the back and chest. We got him over the bridge. I know we hurt him terribly - it wasn't possible to get him over without, but he was certainly "great stuff". It was a long time before we could find the R.A.P. this trip as they had been bombed out of their last place. When we did locate them, they were really busy. I noticed a chap from the Camerons laying outside in full pack. He had no mark on him that I could find, but had been dead for several hours. Beside him lay a young officer. I noticed that the flies had already started work on his eyes.

The Doctor sent me over to an old barn close by to give a little attention to a few of the boys inside. It was here that I ran into Bert again. I was certainly glad to see that he was still O.K. yet, and very busy.

Some we had to just rip their clothes right off to get at the wounds - others needed morphine. Then I went back and left Bert to finish.

Our boys had now managed to take part of the hill, and silence a few more pill boxes. It was very hard fighting all the way, as it was now very much in the open and little or no cover to be found.

German planes had bothered us a little most of the time, but now they began in earnest, although the Spitfires did not leave them in the air long at a time.

We wondered why some of the pill boxes and large guns had not



been silenced long before this. We found out afterwards!

It was hell trying to evacuate wounded from here. Mickey WALKER with his whole seat blown away; young EPERINGHAM "the old convicts son" with a big hole in the pit of his stomach. "MAVERS" - I felt very sorry for him - he had "gone on" - should have been back in Canada on his commission.

A good many of the houses were on fire and the boys were giving and taking "hell". It seemed that we had been going for days. Someone told me of a casualty that was quite difficult to reach. To get there I had to crawl between two houses that a German sniper had in range. Even there I had to laugh, as I got to the rear of one house I saw one of our chaps squatting there with his pants down "no names". No, that wasn't the casualty.

On my next trip to the R.A.P. we received orders that all casualties were to be evacuated to the beach to await arrival of boats. This was a long and hard job, as parts were under constant fire and snipers were taking a fairly heavy toll. A couple of "Yanks" helped me most of the time - they did great work - blood did not bother them for soon we were soaked and could have wrung it from our clothes.

Those that were able to walk came along as we carried a stretcher. A Corporal DAVIES came on one trip - we had to lead him like a child, for he understood nothing. A press photographer took a picture as we passed, but what happened to the film? Because at that moment "he got his" through one eye.

It was on this same trip that I saw R.S.M. STRUMM. I believe he had just then been hit, quite badly wounded in the legs. He was quite sentimental. I had never known him that way before - each time I passed he insisted I shake hands, and I seemed to be able to give him some comfort by moving his legs just a little each time.

One young lad called to me - he was very worried about a pain in his back. I pulled his shirt away and out rolled a piece of shrapnel that had just slightly grazed the skin - he didn't mention a terrible chest wound. I saw WILLIAMS and PINKY come in wearing German tin hats. I remember thinking it was quite dangerous for them. German prisoners were helping to carry their stretcher. Later they were both killed when their boat was hit.

Slowly our boys were withdrawing from the hill. We now had a considerable number of prisoners, some wounded. A few had died after treatment. Most of our own wounded we had on the beach under cover of the sea wall. The big ships lay what looked like about a mile out to sea when they layed a heavy smoke screen. But the wind was not favourable as it cleared in a few seconds. We noted three small boats about a hundred yards from the beach. They were being fired at very heavily.

A grey haired navel officer in charge of "Beach Evacuation" called for volunteers to take the first stretcher across the beach to the boats. Four of us started - no words can ever describe this trip. How any of us lived will always remain a mystery to me - a steady hail of bullets and completely in the open. We had nearly reached the center one of the three boats, when a shell or mortar landed right beside it, blowing a huge hole in the side. This meant going on to the next boat.

Two of us and the stretcher reached it. I have often wondered if at this point I made my big mistake, as by this time the boys were streaming over the beach towards the boats. Should I have stayed there?

I knew there must be more wounded to come down, so back over that bloody beach again. I remember running and crawling. I seemed to be the only one going that way.

Going back for wounded, and now they were falling like flies around me. The whole battalion nearly was crossing. I reached the sea wall a little higher up than where I had left from. I saw O'HANDLY, and TOSH from Langbank with a slight wound in the leg. The whole world seemed to go mad now - bombs exploding, ships blasting away with their big guns, dozens of "dog fights" going on in the air, planes falling, men screaming their death.

I saw one plane flying low over the water and crash into a cliff at terrific speed head on. A big black German bomber overhead dropped four huge bombs - one fell on the cliff, the other three among the boys on the beach. A destroyer let go a salvo with its guns. I saw a wing fall from the bomber and slowly it nose-dived into the sea.

A German close to me yelled - his knees buckled beneath him - shot by a German bullet - "terrible and fascinating".

Those boats were loaded so heavily it seemed impossible for them to float - hundreds of men crowded round trying to fight a way in. The beach was covered with dead and wounded, and I had come back for more, but there was lots to be done yet.

Some of our boys had not come in yet - they were fighting a rear guard action to cover the evacuation. The Colonel and most of the senior officers were still with them, directing operations. Now they started to come in - we gave them some covering fire. Many brave things were done - a lot that were never seen. I saw Cpl. KEYS of "B" Coy set his machine gun up on a breakwater - not an inch of cover or protection, and pour burst after burst into the Germans who were quickly closing in. He was soon hit.

The Colonel was shot through the chest as he tried to assist Capt. AUSTIN, but was back on his feet in a second. The old grey haired "beach master", disregarding all danger, walked around helping wherever he could. I saw one small boat so heavily loaded it was sinking out at sea - hundreds were struggling in the water, many were drowned with minor hits that stunned them.

It had reached a point now of every man for himself, and the Colonel issued an order for those that could to save themselves. A few small boats were still a way out in the water, but apparently none were coming to the beach for more wounded.

If we were going to get away, it must be now. Several of us left at the same time, taking whatever cover by the breakwater we could, and the last few yards several fell beside me. I noticed one chap as I went into the water - his stomach was completely exposed and was washing in and out with the action of the waves.

As I went into the sea, it struck me as being bitterly cold, and I wondered just how far I should be able to swim. Those bloody bullets were missing my head by inches, but my hopes raised as I noticed a boat still some way off making towards an upturned boat



on which two boys were laying. Could I reach it? I put everything I had into reaching it, but about twenty yards away it started to move. My feelings can be better imagined than described when it passed within about ten feet of me, turned and shot away at a fast speed. This happened a second time, only much closer the next, but still I could make no one hear me.

I knew now my only hope was to swim to the big boats. I have always been a fairly good swimmer, and felt that I could make it providing I wasn't hit. The boys in the water had begun to thin out now, all this time shells were landing among us, and bullets "phut - phutting" in the water each side of my head. Any moment I wondered when one would come crashing into the back of my head. Quite often my arms hooked into some-ones body that had drowned. Jerry planes were hammering away at our ships. I began to find out that my clothes were hampering and tiring me, so beginning with my tunic I started to shed them. It contained my pay book and a diary I had kept for over two years. Thank God I had a "Canadian" shirt and not an "English" one on. I was able to rip the buttons off down the front, boots I found quite a job, my pants I managed to take my pocket book from, and slipped it into my shorts. I still kept my tin hat on.

For quite some time I had noticed a chap swimming in front of me. I couldn't make out why he had not been hit - shots were hitting the water all around him, sometimes feet and sometimes inches away. But I had only just caught up with him when something hit him sideways across the mouth - how badly I couldn't tell, but "a hell of a mess". He couldn't speak, to make things complete a German plane came swooping towards us, about fifty feet above the water, spewing a path of lead in front. I was sure this was our "way out". I shall never forget those few seconds of waiting. What happened I am not just sure - it didn't come. He must have turned a little to one side and that was once again lucky.

Both of us were swimming quite hard and didn't seem to be making much headway against the tide. I looked around often, and those cliffs always seemed to be hanging over our heads. It was from there that they were sniping at us. I wondered how anyone human could shoot at such poor helpless devils as we were at that time, but perhaps it was considered good sport by some people.

I don't know when the thought first came to me, but for some time I had my suspicions that we were not getting any nearer to those ships, and yet I dare not let myself believe it. But another half an hours swim, and I saw smoke belch from the funnels, and slowly they started to move away. We knew then, it was over for us. I am not sure just what I did - I know I cried and shouted. I called to the other chap - he couldn't speak because of his mouth, but pointed back towards the coast - we turned.

I wasn't sure of going very far, it kept going through my head "just quite", it will be over in a second. I freely admit I nearly did, and then one felt ashamed - there were those that expected you to keep going. We had been swimming for about fifteen minutes. I was about twenty yards or so behind, when I heard a shout. I hurried to try and reach this chap, but I couldn't - in a few seconds he had gone under. Even if I could have got to him, I know I could not have helped. I was shivering a lot - the water was so cold, and would

try to swim faster to warm up a little; but that made me tire worse.

I don't think I should have cared much if I had been hit there. I seemed to swim on for a long time, and then something happened. I have no idea what it was, perhaps a shell or bomb landed a little close. I have tried hard to remember, but my mind is a complete blank there.

For the next I knew, two young French boys were trying to wake me up. I was under a blanket and they were trying to get me to swallow some sort of hot drink. I was shivering so badly that I was not able to until they held me. They also tried to tell me in their way that a German soldier had pulled me in from the sea. I must have fallen asleep again, for I was awakened by a German and he beckoned me to get up. I just had on my shorts, and seemed to be on some kind of promenade in a town which I later found out was Dieppe.

I had been driven by the tide, down the coast at least a mile from where I had gone in. Two English naval officers came up to me and asked if I felt able to help them carry up some of the wounded from the beach. What a scene met my eyes - broken down and battered tanks, dead and wounded lay all over the beach - never as long as I live shall I forget the cries and groans from them - nothing had been done, and they must have lain several hours already. Water was the cry. We started in to move them - all we could find to carry them on was an old iron ladder. We tried to move the worst cases first, and handle them as easily as possible, but when a man has been hit in five or six places, there isn't any easy way for him.

I was able to pick up a few clothes, from one of our tanks a tunic, and a beret from there, pants and boots from a chap that didn't need them any longer.

We had to carry the wounded up over a sea wall bridged by a plank, just underneath lay two Canadian boys dead in each others arms, the injuries of one too terrible to mention. It was hard work, and none of us were very fit, and only carried up a small part of those that lay there before it began to get dark.

All this time, High Command Officers were inspecting the boats, tanks, etc. No one seemed to bother with us three working there. But now a couple of guards motioned to us to follow them to what we thought would be a prison and perhaps something to eat. I wondered how long those boys on the beach would have to wait before they received attention. About half an hours march and we halted in a square where I saw about fifty more Canadians. Eagerly I inquired if any were from my regiment, and found out that AVERY, one of our band boys was there. But it was too dark to find him, and we were not allowed to move about. I also found out that quite a large party of Canadians had been captured and had moved away from this place previously.

We were given a rough search - "rough" is quite a mild word, a couple of guns back and front of you, held at arms length as if a bomb might suddenly go off in your pocket. Not much was taken from us - mostly knives, etc., in some cases watches and jewelry, but if this was noticed by a German officer, the culprit "got hell" We were moved away then. I could hardly put one foot before the other, but considerable better off than a few that had no boots and others with slight wounds - these were picked up later.



Most of us had not eaten for twenty four hours and had only sea water to drink. We left about eight at night and marched until four in the morning with one stop. I think I was in some sort of coma most of the time. If only we had water - but where we arrived was a horse trough full and we dived in like so many pigs, and then were kicked into a large shed. It was packed, and in the dark trying to find a place to lay down I would step on some-one and they would curse me. The other boys were here, and still nothing to eat. Finally I found room on some hard bags and lay down still shivering. Much had happened in thirty-six hours since I was in England and now a prisoner of war. There was nothing of the glamour that I had felt when reading prisoner of war stories at home.

It seemed as if we had just laid down, when we were kicked up again. You can imagine my joy when I saw FERRIS getting up close beside me. Soon he had taken me to the rest of the boys from my own regiment - about seventy in all. It was a grand reunion. We had a good laugh at each other as we had slept in a shed that was used for storing cement, and most of it had set hard in our eyes and hair it seemed. There was so much to talk about who had been killed; who we figured had got back.

We were then moved out to a small field, a trough with about four gallons of water was in the center. Fourteen hundred of us tried to wash in it. The spirit of the boys made one feel quite proud, though God knows there was some pitifull sights among us. Some with bad wounds that had little or no attention, others in nothing but very short shorts, a few with a rag "fig leaf" and at least four that I saw were entirely naked. We certainly were a great curiosity to the German guards, the first Canadians they had seen, and they took pictures of us by the hundred - especially of the few full blood Indians that were there.

They were taking no chances with us, guards all round every few yards with machine, bren and tommy guns, also all the rooves were mounted. I rememver one young German guard on the roof top was nodding in the warm sunshine, and our boys were laying bets how long before he fell asleep. He never did, as a well placed kick from an officer woke him quite thoroughly.

Noon came, and still nothing to eat or drink - we tried to sleep, but found it impossible to keep from thinking of nice cold water, and all sorts of good food. At last some one shouted "bread". Sure enough, they formed us up into fives and a loaf was given to each and told it had to last for four days. I really was hungry, but one smell of the "black stuff" made me want to vomit. I figured it would last me four weeks, never mind four days! When I saw the others trying, I made a few feeble attempts, but just could not get it past my nose.

After a lot of shouting and waving of arms by "Jerry", we were lined up ready to move. We certainly must have looked like a bunch of hobo's - feet tied up in rags; those that had been naked had managed to cover up the more important parts. Many French people had lined up beside the road to see us, the old "Victory sign" was given in many peculiar ways, and food was thrown by some, but all this was very risky to themselves, as the guards brought their rifles into action on more than one occasion. Many of the guards took off their packs and made our boys carry them - we found it wasn't wise to refuse.

We all of us were still in a daze, and it worried one quite a lot because we knew of course that we should be on the missing list, and of the anxiety it would cause to all.

This was a very hard and hot march. About four in the afternoon we halted at a station in a small French village and after numerous countings, loaded into cattle trucks - forty men in each, doors locked and a guard with machine gun mounted on the roof. There was no sanitary arrangements whatever, and the only ventilation was a hole in one side about nine inches square - this being filled in solid with barbed wire.

Soon the heat and stench became unbearable, only half could sit down at a time, two hours like this and we hadn't moved. But as soon as darkness came, we started. We had been travelling several hours when we stopped suddenly - our own Air Force were bombing - a unique experience to listen and wonder if one of your own might come a little too close. I still had made no impression on my bread yet, and when it came my turn to lay or sit down, I used it as a pillow.

"My God" we suffered from thirst. A chap by the name of JACKSON and I had been thrown together quite a lot and had become quite friendly. It must have been close to noon next day, when we stopped and the doors were opened and out we scrambled. It seemed like heaven to breathe fresh air once again. "Verneill" was the station - people flocked around as close as they dared. We asked them to bring us water in a few tin hats we had - some were lucky, but the little chap that I had asked must have thought the hat a good souvenir, as he did not return. Once again we formed up in marching order and, counted by the whole German army, away we went. My main recollection of this march, in fact, of all these days, was the suffering of thirst.

I think that any government or country should at least see that P.O.W.'s have water. We were quite weak on this march, but anything was better than those cattle trucks. Passing through a small village the people again tried to get food to us, but it was extremely risky for them - one brute of a man did not hesitate to use the butt of his rifle at the slightest provocation.

I supposed that the German troops would make every effort to make friends of the French people, but such did not seem to be the case, however, it may be that individuals are to be blamed more than Governments.

About four in the afternoon, we reached a barbed wire camp, here we met our own officers for the first time since being captured. I also saw the old grey haired "Beach Master". One of the boys captured later told me that as the boats were moving away, he saw tears in his eyes; not because he was taken prisoner, but after serving most of his life in the navy, the sight of those ships moving back and leaving him was pretty hard - he had done his job well, and had helped the last man possible.

Our Colonel was also here. I noticed that he still had his blood soaked shirt on, but was very bright and cheerful. Mr. CONN and CUNNINGHAM both had painful wounds, and were having a very rough time.



The Germans brought water to us in pails, one at a time, every fifteen minutes - the stampede was anything but safe. We were enclosed in a small grass compound with miles of wire and certainly no shortage of guards - not a sign of food though. Ten o'clock at night we were put into a large shed to sleep, that is if you were lucky to find a place and lay down first - "well, you were there". In the morning, out to this grass compound again. At noon that day we were given a "soup" - all we had to put in it was a few tin hats, plus a few electric light shaded we "found". We blamed the paint on the tin hats for the flavour of the soup. This went on for a week - in the shed at night, and outside all day. We were lucky it didn't rain "much"!

All this time, registration and searching of each man was taking place. Hundreds of pounds were destroyed - torn up, burnt and a lot was used for toilet paper - there was nothing else. We still had had no decent wash or shave, hunger was bad - one thin soup and something they called tea-once a day.

Each day the Commandant told us that rations were on the way for us - but they never arrived. He had quite a funny habit each morning as we were being counted, of calling us to "Stillstand - Attention", and saying to us in English "I wish you all a good morning", to which we were expected to reply "Good Morning Sir". This went to and fro until he was satisfied as to the volume of loudness, which sometimes took some time.

About the fourth day, the French Vichy Government sent to only French Canadians a parcel containing smokes, chocolate, biscuits, cake etc. This was "hard to take". The rest of us sat and watched like hungry wolves, but after all, they were so few among so many. I did manage to get a smoke. I think there was a motive behind the whole thing, if so, it failed to work.

When my turn for search came I was able to keep my wallet and lighter, but money and a few letters were taken away, for which I was given a receipt.

Each of us was issued with an old rusty iron spoon, which was the cause of the first fight among ourselves that I saw. JACKSON and myself had figured out a little plan how it was possible to have a little extra soup without the others going short. How we put it into effect doesn't matter here, anyway, it was successful. We "found" a whole pailful. We asked ten others to share it with us, but before starting, we decided that as it looked a little thicker at the bottom, each one should start to spoon from the top only. This went on for a while, and then a chap named BURDEN would dive to the bottom of the pail with his spoon and bring up something solid.

JACKSON warned him once, but he still continued to do it, and the first thing we knew, they were making a fight of it. We let them go for a few moments, but they were both so weak that we soon stopped them.

A few that had cigarettes could sell them for a pound - "five dollars" each. Money was worth nothing, and cigarettes everything. FERRIS came along to me one morning, and after leading me amongst a group of chaps that didn't know us, he produced very proudly a

half cigarette. I asked no questions, but just enjoyed it.

Almost a week now, and we had not had a decent wash, and "Oh boy - Hunger". One parculiar thing that bothered us a lot was a complete "black out" in the eyes and head whenever you bent forward or kneeled.

The wounded were going about with dirty filthy bandages on - our own Doctors were trying to do their best with what they had to work with. Many photographs in groups were taken of us - the Germans seem to have a positive mania for this kind of thing. An English Commando lad and a German officer had quite a time together - each time the German tried to take a photograph the Commando would put up his fingers in a "V" and give the Victory sign, and the German finally had to take his picture that way or not at all.

Our own Brigadier came along to give a little pep talk - one leg of his pants was completely missing, but he wasn't the slightest bit embarrassed.

We were given paper and envelope to write home, each of us found this very hard. I was amongst those chosen to broadcast to Canada, but we were skeptical of this.

I also met my first "Quizzling" - an officer from the French army who gave us a cigarette and the usual "line" of how good the Germans had been to him, etc., and invited us to talk quite freely. I did enjoy the cigarette.

My black beret that I had brought with me caused me a little trouble - many wanted it, and one of our officers almost demanded I give it him. I told him to take a walk. Most of the boys had cut out the inside pocket of their tunic - this made a fair substitute for a hat. A few clothes had been given to those that were almost naked - these consited of anything from a old French Generals tunic to cavalry pants of a very old vintage. Wooden clogs were also issued for the bare footed - it was good fun to watch them try to walk in these.

We had great trouble in understanding the various orders given by the Germans - it always ended up the same way - the Germans seemed to think the louder they shouted the better we should understand, but our chaps would shrug their shoulders and walk away.

The sanitary arrangments for night use beggars any sescription. The shed that we were locked in contained about three hundred men - in the corner was placed one ordinary sized pail as a night toilet for them. This was known as the "honey pail".

After about ten days, rumours started that the officers were being moved. This turned out to be true. Next day they came to say goodbye. We were as sorry to see them go as they were to leave us. Dinner time they formed up to go - they had each been issued with a silly little side hat and looked terribly embarrassed in them.

I was doing a little better with my bread, had to or starve completely. JACKSON and I tried to seel his hat badge to a guard for two cigarettes, but I think the price was too high.



Another attempt, and I was almost of the receiving end of a long bayonet, so gave it up.

Early one morning we were called and told to line up then and there, as we were moving. As far as possible, when moving or marching, we tried to keep in our own regiments. On this one, all the South Saskatchewan were together, and as we passed through a good sized French village, the boys smartened up and marched their best and we sang "Roll Out The Barrel". But before many bars were over, a German Officer, mounted on a horse, came galloping up. I thought he was going to ride us down - shouting and raving like a man gone mad - must have been bad for his blood pressure. I have since learned the meaning of some of his words - anyway, we found out that singing for prisoners of war was not allowed.

This was just a short march, and once again we found ourselves in those stinking cattle trucks - same number in each - forty. A loaf of bread was handed to each and a small can of meat? between two. This we were told would have to last for four or five days. There was a little straw in the bottom of the car. Up in one corner was a small wooden box - this was the toilet for the trip.

Some of the boys were wounded, which meant we had to allow them extra room. I was a little unlucky and was crowded against "the box". The most envied spot was of course the ventilator - JACKSON and I spelled each other - sitting and standing in turn.

Thirst was again a terrible ordeal, and the country through which we passed was full of lovely cool rivers, green fields, shady woods, and fruit trees with delicious looking fruit hanging on the branches. We soon had small peep holes cut in between the boards, but they were noticed by the guards and we were threatened that one more hole, and machine guns would drill the car. Despite this, three men escaped in the next car to ours. This really brought on the "pains". We were counted and checked every few miles. On the second day, it was decided that the other end of the car should have "the Box" for a while - no regrets from our end. I did feel sorry for poor WALTON who had developed a bad case of dysentery.

It was quite easy to notice the change from France to Germany. I was standing by the ventilator, at one station we had stopped, when a young German lad walked across the platform and said to me in perfect English "For you, you B-----, the war is over." My reply is not necessary here. On the third day, the heat and stench became unbearable. The weather was also very hot, and the long hours at night were like a nightmare to us all.

I shall always remember a little thin shop that the Red Cross gave to us that day. If only we could have got out for a little fresh air, and then a French lad produced cigarettes from somewhere. They ran out one between eight, a great gesture on his part. How we obtained a light must not go down here.

The engine drawing us had painted on the words "ALL THAT REMAINS OF ENGLAND'S SECOND FRONT". On the fourth day, it was very noticeable that a few of the boys were beginning to crack a little under the strain - small things would develop into arguments. We just had to sit right down on this at once. One felt sorry, for some of them had bad wounds, which by this time smelt terrible. DEAK in particular had a hole in his back with a piece of shrapnel still inside. O'NEIL with a shattered arm

was unconscious most of the time, and I do not remember seeing him eating a thing.

We arrived at our destination about five in the evening, but had to remain in the cars until morning. Unloading was a long and hard job - some of us were so weak we could hardly stand up. My heart sank when I saw what I thought was some more British prisoners working at the station. It was something particular about their eyes that bothered me. I could imagine us looking like that in a few weeks. I later learned that they were Russian prisoners and had been through a rough time.

It took a long time to get us lined up ready to move. I doubt if it is possible to have seen a more dirty, weak and hungry looking gang than we were at that stage. The Germans made no attempt to hurry us, it wouldn't have done much good I guess. About half an hour's walk brought us to our camp, where we saw the first English prisoners. This bucked us up considerably, for they looked so well - clean, healthy and tanned quite brown.

It was about noon when we arrived, but we were kept outside the gates to be searched etc. This took several hours under a boiling hot sun, but the boys managed to get a little water to us, also a few smokes. I was searched about five, and managed to get my black beret through. Then we marched into the camp, split up into small parties, and taken to the baths and showers and all our clothes were put through the delouser. This was the bath of my life - to feel that lovely hot water going all over me. They didn't hurry us - I must have stayed for half an hour.

After this, we were taken into a room to be registered, finger prints taken, and a number allotted to us - mine was 25608. This is what I should be known as in future, names mean very little.

Several incidents took place here which I must pass over for now. By the time this was completed, it was quite dark. We had not eaten one mouthful all day. JACKSON and myself had still been able to keep together - we were all taken to different huts for the night. I landed among the Greeks, Jews, Palistinees and Indians. Never shall I forget how good to us they were. One gave me a handful of potatoes, another some meat concoction - I choked it all down.

A Scotch S. M. was in charge of this room - in a few moments he called to us to go in his bunk. Here he had a meal prepared. The first thing that drew my attention was a pound can of Eatons butter on the table. Certainly a wonderful meal! We ate until I thought it wasn't safe. The boys did enjoy watching us eat the food away, and then we finished with a big mug of cocoa and a package of cigarettes each.

We found out afterwards that each of these chaps had put in food to make this feed possible - some it they could ill afford. We lay on the floor that night, how lovely to stretch right out once again. One tried hard to give thanks, but for some reason it didn't seem possible to collect your thoughts together - everything seemed muddled and in a daze.



Poor JACKSON had a terrible night. He had not been to the toilet since we had started our train journey. They did not waken us until quite late in the morning, and then an Indian came along and asked if I would like him to shave me - in a few minutes my face was lathered and whiskers off. Then it was JACKSON's turn - but he wasn't quite as lucky as they didn't change the blade. I saw blood in several places. Then JACKSON asked him if he was a barber in civilian life. He said "No, a tailor." I am quite sure that JACKSON believed him. I liked those boys, one old chap took quite a liking to me - one day I showed him a few photographs I had. They were all stuck together as they had been in the sea with me, but I did treasure them - one each of my Wife, Sis, and Terry. Carefully he kissed each one and said a prayer that I didn't understand, and then handed them back to me.

We only stayed a few days with them before being moved into the next hut. The Canadians were together as far as possible. Life didn't seem too bad. I wrote my letters home; reading and attending classes for German passed the days quite quickly.

About the first two words a prisoner learns to say in German is "Nix Arbeit" - No Work. A few of the boys had left the camp already to go on working parties. My nave was called one morning to get ready to go with about five others. I did not want to leave the boys. I was not feeling too good yet, and it was much against my principle to work for anyone but ourselves. I saw the German Doctor, but got no satisfaction there, so had a talk with one of our own sergeants going out in charge of the party, and I found that I should spoil a perfect "set up" if I went. Anyway, with a little help, as the party marched away, I was able to fall out, walked back to my hut, kept low for a couple of days, and that was that.

Most prisoner of war camps are laid out quite similarly, divided into compounds, four huts in each, containing about a thousand men in all - each compound is separate from the other, being wired and a large gate for an entry.

When we arrived, each compound was kept locked. But shortly afterwards a new German camp Commandant took over, and one of the first things he did was to have the gates unlocked at certain hours that we might visit to and fro. This made it much easier to attend school, etc. The particular compound that I was in supplied enough men for various jobs round the camp. As the Germans are not allowed to force men holding the rank of Corporal and above, you may be sure the army was full of N.C.O's. It was quite a headache each morning for the Germans to find sufficient men.

One guard that had taken a party out wanted to save himself trouble the next day, so before he let the boys go at night, he took their names and numbers. As we thought next morning he handed our sergeant the list to call the men out - you can imagine the laugh that started when the sergeant started to read out "Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, Tom Mix" etc. There was a little trouble about this, but needless to say, they didn't find those chaps.

One thing that I certainly enjoyed was the singing of the

German troops - part of their training I believe - the harmony is certainly lovely.

JACKSON and I did a lot of walking to try and keep in good condition, the only trouble with walking, it made us so hungry. Spuds and cabbage water formed the main part of our diet, although we were getting some food from the Red Cross. Without that I hate to think what we should have been like. JACKSON sold his pen for fifty marks, that helped us to smoke for a few days. We still had no towel - just a piece of rag and a tooth brush was worth a fortune. We were bothered terribly by fleas, scratch all night - just nothing you could do about them.

A German guard that we nicknamed "Wall Eye" was always giving us a lot of trouble. Some of our Red Cross food we warmed up in old tins made into stoves - he took great delight in hiding until you had the food on warming, and then dashing out and kicking the whole lot over.

The mountains of Czecko Slovak could be plainly seen from the camp. I think our happiest times were at night after we had gone to bed and someone would start a song - quite often the guards stopped us. The hut doors were locked in the evening at nine, and anyone seen outside after that time was shot at. Also dogs were turned loose into compounds - they really took a great dislike to us. In spite of all these things, there were quite a number of escapes. Some were wounded, others caught in a few days, and a few we have never heard of.

THIS DIARY TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT EDITION OF GUN TALK.

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POINT OF INTEREST

Firepower has come a long way since Gatling invented his history changing firearm. General Electric in the U.S. has now come up with a cluster of six barrels that rotate, each barrel touching off six shots then changing to the following barrel to prevent overheating.

In 7.62 Cal., this weapon can fire up to 6,000 shots a minute. The moral of the story is "Don't volunteer to carry ammunition for this one - you won't have room in your pockets for anything else."

- - - - -  
ADDRESS CHANGE: K.A. ROMMINGS has moved from Biggar, Sask.  
to Box 9, HARDISTY, Alta.



In conjunction with Rouleau's Centennial Celebrations a black powder shoot was held there on Saturday July 8. Rene Gaudry, Barry Beazley, Yarmo Pohjavuori, Mary and Lloyd Tallentire and myself were the only shooters present. Although the range was far from being an ideal set up, we did have a lot of fun.

Prizes went to Barry Beazley, Yarmo Pohjavuori, and Mary Tallentire.

Those spectators who came were most impressed with the demonstrations of machine guns and the preparation to fire the old muzzle loaders.

Thanks again to those who came and spent a whole afternoon in the hot sun.

Gordon M. Rogers

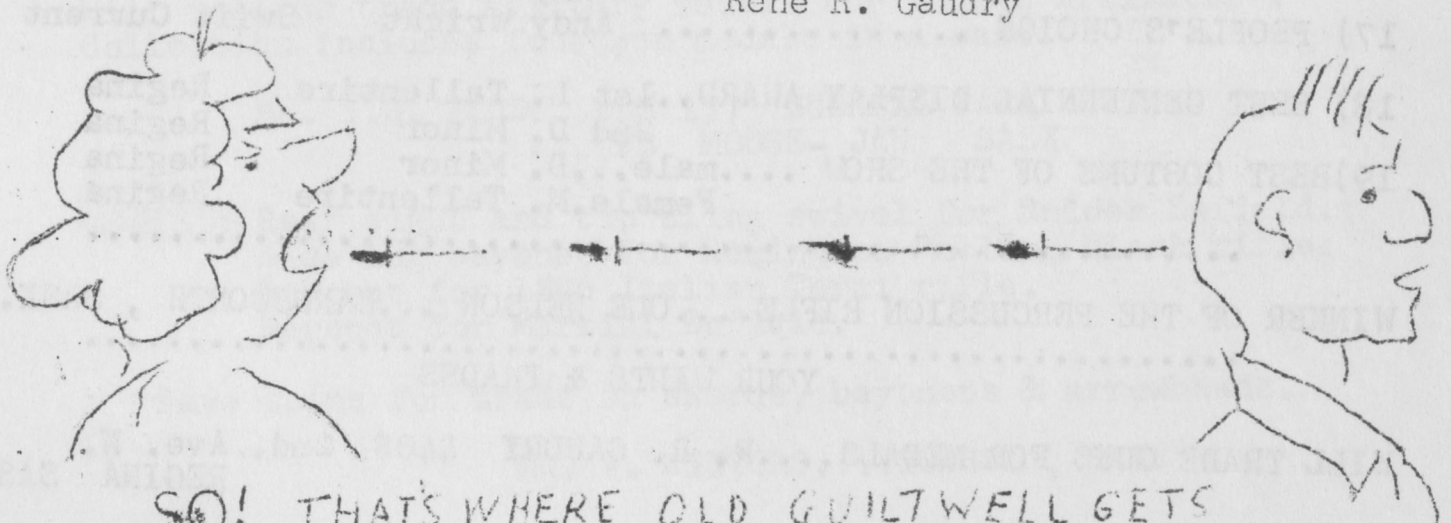
Thanks once again everyone for electing me for a second year as president of the S.G.C.A. Thanks to the executive and members.

Our shows at Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, and Regina were a great success.

The Black Powder shoot was most successful, everyone had an enjoyable day.

In the near future we hope to organize one or two more Gun Shows around the province.

Rene R. Gaudry



SO! THAT'S WHERE OLD GUILTWELL GETS  
ALL HIS DAGGERS FROM.

# WINNERS OF THE CENTENNIAL GUN SHOW REGINA JUNE 9 & 10, 1967

- 1) BEST LEVER ACTION COLLECTION..1st N.G. Carlson lethbridge  
2nd T. Dunlop Saskatoon
- 2) BEST SINGLE SHOT RIFLE ".....1st L. Halmrast Warner Alta.  
2nd L. Smith Saskatoon
- 3) BEST GENERAL LONG ARM ".....1st Doug Minor Regina  
2nd L. Dobrescue Moose-Jaw
- 4) BEST GENERAL HAND GUN " .....1st Ron Hill Moose-Jaw  
2nd Allen kerr Lethbridge
- 5) BEST SINGLE SHOT LONG ARM "....1st J. Livingstone Regina  
2nd Ray King Regina
- 6) BEST SINGLE HAND GUN " .....1st L. Dobrescue Moose-Jaw  
2nd Ray King Regina
- 7) BEST MILITARY ARMS ".....1st L. Tallentire Regina  
2nd L. Smith Saskatoon
- 8) BEST RELATED MILITARY " .....1st Andy Wright Swift Current  
2nd B. Henderson Regina
- 9) BEST EDGED WEAPONS " .....1st Andy Wright Swift Current  
2nd Gil Cook Regina
- 10) BEST CARTRIDGE COLLECTION....1st L. Dobrescue Moose-Jaw  
2nd Don Hills Moose-Jaw
- 11) BEST RELATED ARMS " .....1st F. Harvey Rivers Man.  
2nd B. Hamilton Arcola
- 12) BEST REPEATING RIFLE " .....1st L. Dobrescue Moose-Jaw  
2nd C. Jenson Webb
- 13) BEST MILITARY MEDALS .....1st R. Gaudry Regina  
2nd B. Henderson Regina
- 14) BEST INDIAN ARTIFACTS .....1st M. Taylor Regina  
2nd C. Bailey Climax
- 15) BEST CAN. HISTIRICAL FIREARMS.... SINGLE TROPHY...  
R. Phillips Regina
- 16) BEST EDGED WEAPON .....SINGLE TROPHY...  
Andy wright Swift Current
- 17) PEOPLE'S CHOICE ..... Andy Wright Swift Current
- 18) BEST CENTENNIAL DISPLAY AWARD..1st L. Tallentire Regina  
2nd D. Minor Regina
- 19) BEST COSTUME OF THE SHOW ....male...D. Minor Regina  
Female.M. Tallentire Regina

.....  
WINNER OF THE PERCUSSION RIFLE....OLE NELSON ...HANDSWORTH , SASK.  
.....

YOUR WANTS & TRADES

WILL TRADE GUNS FOR MEDALS....R. R. GAUDRY 4408 2nd. Ave. N.  
REGINA SASK

WANTED: BAYONETS & LARGE BORE CARBINES....J.L. TALLENTIRE  
3318 DAWSON CRES. REGINA SASK



SASKATCHEWAN PROVINCIAL  
BLACK POWDER CHAMPIONSHIP SHOOT  
SPONSORED BY THE SASKATOON  
MUZZEL LOADING CLUB  
TO BE HELD AT THE SASKATOON MUZZEL  
LOADING CLUBS RANGE SASKATOON  
FULL PARTICULARS INCLUDING TIMES, EVENTS  
AWARDS WND MATCHES WILL BE SENT OUT  
THIS IS A PROVINCIAL CHAMPIONSHIP  
COMPETITIONAAND IS OPEN TO EVERYONE  
EVERYWHERE  
SHOOTING SUOPLIES WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE

.....  
WANTS SELL OR TRADE

Will sell or trade military medals for Indian artifacts .  
Collection includes fourteen medals in a case.

ME. I.G. FORD    BOX 177    BUSHELL PARK  
CFB MOOSE-JAW    SASK

WANTED: Rear sight and top sling swivel for Snider Enfield.  
Side lug bayonet for Remington Rolling Block rifle.  
Bayonet for 1896 Italian Terni rifle.  
Bayonet for Martini Enfield.

Have coins for trade on swords, bayonets & arrowheads.

MR. V. WINTORS...VICEROY , SASK :



"WANTA TRADE FOR AN AUTHENTIC  
1579 BOHEMIAN BATTLEAX"  
"NOPE I'VE ALREADY GOT ONE"







